

Good Morning 298

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

LIEUT. - COMMANDER L. W. A. BENNINGTON, one of the very few submarine commanders to have risen from the lower deck, is in the news again.

An Admiralty communique said:—
One of H.M. submarines has reported the destruction of a Japanese cruiser of the Kuma class in the northern approaches to the Malacca Strait.

The enemy cruiser was sighted in company with a destroyer, and course was altered to intercept.

Proceeding at maximum speed, H.M. submarine closed to within a mile of the enemy, when a salvo of torpedoes was fired. Two hits were observed on the cruiser, which sank. An ineffective counter-attack by the escorting Jap destroyer then developed.

Three large Jap supply ships have also been sunk by the same submarine, which is commanded by Lieut.-Commander L. W. A. Bennington, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.

LIEUT. - COMMANDER L. W. A. BENNINGTON has had a thrilling career in the Submarine Service. It was he who commanded "Porpoise," which made history in carrying supplies to Malta.

"Porpoise," the first submarine in which Lieut. Bennington served as a sub-lieutenant, survived without a single casualty one of the heaviest depth-charge attacks ever made on a British submarine.

Ron Richard's "Shop talk"

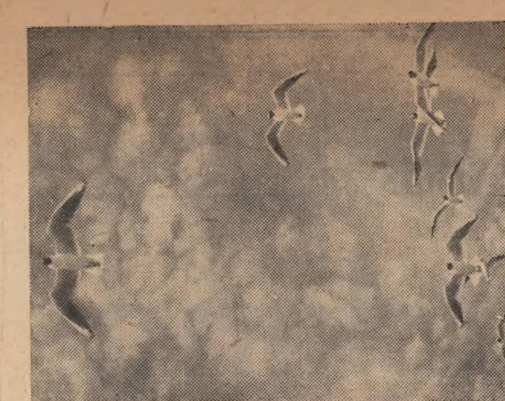
Lieut.-Commander Bennington, who is 31 years of age, lives at Parkstone, Dorset. He joined the R.N. as a rating, and became a sub-lieutenant in 1934. Last November he was given two years' additional seniority and promoted Lieut.-Commander.

For his services in the daring submarine "Tigris" on her most successful patrol he was awarded the D.S.C.

SO I'm not the only poor guy who has to suffer the humiliation of seeing the red knob turned at eight o'clock each sabbath.

A CERTAIN A.B., whose home is at Cuffley, also likes to hear Vera Lynn, and, like me, he never succeeds in hearing a complete recording on account of the general uproar from the rest of the family.

Perhaps if there's enough of us we could get together and form a club, and have our own club room, where we could sit and listen in comfort. That is, of course, if anyone knows a club room which has gobs sufficiently attractive that our minds would not be distracted from the beer.



By
Martin Thornhill

JUST about now, one of the world's greatest marvels, an event more mysterious than the most baffling of mystery yarns, will be re-enacted, perhaps for the twenty-millionth time. Yet the riddle will be very little nearer solution than it was twenty million years ago.

This real-life mystery is the migration of creatures winged, four-legged, and denizens of the deep sea and fast-flowing rivers. The more naturalists and scientists probe into this great secret of Nature, the more impenetrable does the puzzle become. Nobody knows exactly why the creatures of the earth migrate.

The most remarkable and uncanny of all animal excursions is that of the Scandinavian lemming. At intervals a whole colony of these rat-like rodents, having increased through successive generations to unwieldy numbers, suddenly feels an intense and unaccountable urge to move to some unknown destination.

Leaving the homes they have known for many months, they surge in thousands down the mountain sides and through the valleys. A good feeding ground may delay the pack awhile, only to intensify their mad rush towards the sea. Carrying nothing for the preying animals which lie in wait for them, fording rivers, trampling down young crops, heedless even of human beings, forgetful now of the pangs of hunger, the mob moves blindly on.

Reaching the sea, they plunge into the surf, where raiding fish, hovering expectantly close inshore, demolish them furiously, until the last remnants of the mighty procession, still swimming desperately oceanwards, are swallowed up by the open sea. The reason for this apparently insane behaviour nobody knows. Perhaps it is Nature's inexplicable way of ridding Scandinavia of what might otherwise become an uncontrollable pest. When one reads of the human toll of earthquakes, tidal waves, war and pestilence, one wonders if there may be a similar inexorable law which limits a too rapid increase of population among mankind.

Remember reading of that big transmigration of our own brown rats from the Lea Valley, Essex, a few years back? The bulk of the movement was from about 6 a.m. onwards. Workers walking to their jobs were seriously menaced, bitten about the legs, and had to set about them with sticks. I happened to be driving along this road late the previous night. The great trek had just begun, and I shall never forget the sight.

Hundreds of ghostly pinpoints of green light darted, will-o'-the-wisp-like, hither and thither about the road and among the trees on either side. I knew what they were, though, and, thinking the movement might be at its height, drove straight through the pack rather than stop and risk being mauled by a hundred of the little brutes.

Rats don't normally migrate; this trek was forced on them by some big reclamation project in the river valley, the preparations for which the vermin had quickly sensed in the uncanny way they have.

An almost equally mysterious fellow as the lemming is the eel. After spending years in the rivers and lakes of countries which encircle the Atlantic, all grown eels of the same

age, impelled by a similar and just as unaccountable urge, migrate as far south as North Africa to escape the discomforts of Britain in winter.

As in the case of eels, it must be largely instinct, or something else even more remarkable—which guides migrant birds to their destinations. Yet you may often see newly arriving birds following the courses of the rivers leading inland from the coast, then, as they near the upper reaches, distributing themselves over the country in search of breeding grounds.

This all-consuming passion for migration, combined with an instinctive sense of the direction in which they must go, is shared by birds of many kinds. Arctic terns fly in huge flocks from the Arctic to the Antarctic—some 11,000 miles—remain four months, then do the return trip to their breeding grounds of northern latitudes.

Here in Britain birds of passage are a constant source of interest. If you are able to keep daily watch at the appropriate seasons you are rewarded by the sight of the successive arrivals of cuckoos, swallows, swifts and house martins. Swifts, the largest of the swallow family, and usually the last to reach us, make but a brief stay, flying southwards again to warmer climes early in August. Among the smallest birds which come to us in the spring are the warblers, chaffs, and the nightingales, who sing like prima donnas till their eggs are hatched, then become dumb as mutes.

The longest journeys are made by swallows, martins and swifts, who, after summering in our country, return to the Mediterranean to avoid the English winter—who wouldn't, anyway, if he could? Some travel even farther south than this; swallows, "ringed" for identification purposes in England, have been re-caught in Natal and the Transvaal. Remarkable as is this flying feat, even more wonderful is the achievement of warblers and chaffs, who, their wingspan no greater than sparrows',

Much of the flying is done by night—further proof that it is chiefly a blind sense of direction which steers the birds to their journey's end. And thus it is that the bright windows of lighthouses account for so many deaths, many birds beating themselves against the panes of glass in their tired flight.

Have you noticed that the birds who come to the garden seem never to be greater in numbers than in the previous year, except, of course, after the young leave the nest? This is because of the immense toll of life which migration exacts. And it means that actually 90 per cent. of the birds which migrate must be lost during the outward and return journeys, leaving perhaps a single pair of each breed to return to their British homes.

News from Home for A.B. Fred Tilley

ALL'S well at home, A.B. because Marie fairly staggered our photographer when she began to exercise her vocal chords with "Lay that Pistol down, Babe!"

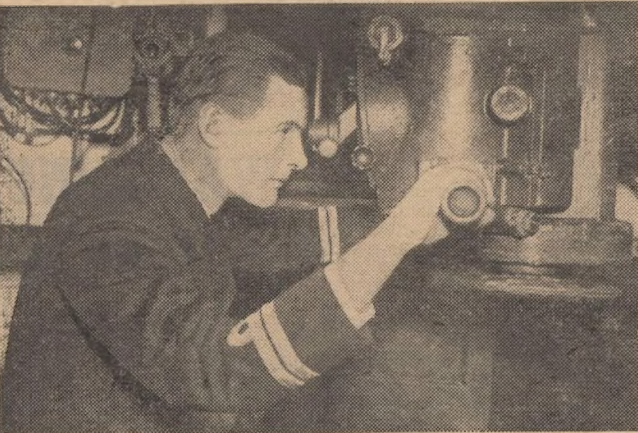
When we called at 40 Emery Avenue, Chorlton, Manchester, we were greeted by your mother—and by little Marie Fearn from next door—and, needless to say, were at once given a piping-hot cup of tea. You remember Marie, don't you? And how she was scared of you in your uniform? Well, she's grown up quite a lot since you last saw her. Your mother says Marie is never happier than when she is romping and having singing lessons from your Dad.

But—we are afraid that your Dad isn't so fond of classics,

Anjo, your eldest brother's girl friend, was home the weekend before we called, and your friend "Bogue" was over for the Sunday. Mother gave them eggs for tea—boy! were they pleasantly surprised!

Uncle Bill and Aunt Elsie have also been home for a short stay.

Everyone at home is keeping well, and all send their love—especially Mum and Dad. Good Hunting!



Lieut. L. W. A. Bennington, D.S.O., D.S.C.

News from the Indian, INDEED!

IF you chance to be out "Assam way" and happen to hear the strains of the Welsh National Anthem, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," don't be too ready to believe you are hearing homesick jads from Tonypandy, Pontypridd or Ystalyfera.

You'll be a long way out. Capt. Neifon H. Davies, of the Royal Indian A.S.C., has

written home saying that when he was recruiting natives from a certain part of Assam he was staggered to hear them singing the Welsh National Anthem.

"It was thrilling," he said. He became inquisitive. It came out that they had learned it from a Welsh missionary and had adopted it as their own "National."

WITH ten years in submarines, FRANCIS EDWARD NIBLETT, a chief engine-room artificer, gets the D.S.M.

There are none, I'm sure, who will deny this good guy the pints he deserves.

For myself, I solemnly pledge that the first packet of powdered beer to enter this office goes to him.

On the subject of awards, I met a Petty Officer who told a joke about a C.E.R.A. who joked about people who, "my brother Sylvest"-like, had rows of ribbons on his chest.

But then, you wouldn't know him, would you, Francis?

W. V. FRY, electrical artificer, of 55 Ophir Road, Portsmouth, who was recently awarded the D.S.M. for distinguished service in submarines, is now reported missing in H.M. Submarine "Trooper."

He attended the Junior Technical School, before entering the Figgard as a boy artificer, and joined the Submarine Service before the outbreak of war.

He will be remembered locally as a promising water-colour artist, several of his works having been hung in Portsmouth and Newcastle art exhibitions.

Lord Mayor kidnapped

Students of the University of Wales recently swooped into the City Hall, in Cardiff, with wild cat cries, captured the Lord Mayor (Ald. Fred Jones) and held him to ransom for £500. Pirates in fantastical costumes stood guard outside the City Hall demanding on passers-by to stand and deliver. They got the £500. In the past ten years the students have raised over £12,000 for the Royal Infirmary.

FOUR submarines were launched in one day at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, I'm told.

Perhaps they won't need you any more now—eh? eh?

Ron Richards

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life
Story of a
Roving Adventurer

Enter the Blood-sucking Vampire

PART IX

LA CHORRERA was a village in itself, surrounding the residence of the general manager, Don Victor Macedo. This was a very big board building, perched on stilts, the lower part being used as a warehouse for rubber and merchandise.

Upstairs were rooms for the staff, managers of the outlying plantations, and guests. Scattered about the estate were the dispensary, bakery, machine shop, forge, and the store-rooms of half-a-dozen different trades.

Standing by itself was the convento, where all the Indian servant girls were locked up for the night. This was to keep them away from the Barbados negroes who worked for the company. But love laughs at locksmiths, and so do buck niggers from the West Indies. On moonlight nights the coons swarmed on the roof of the convento like so many tom-cats, hanging head down over the eaves, blarneying the girls. It was a miracle that some of those black gargoyles did not overbalance and break their necks.

Don Victor strongly disapproved of such roof-top Romeos, and punished them severely when caught. Always polite and unruffled, he could be a holy terror when it suited him. He was undisputed monarch of La Chorrera, and thoroughly enjoyed the part.

But although hard, stern, and generally feared, Don Victor could unbend when he chose. Bruce, a Scottish-Peruvian, acquired a Borra Indian woman, christened her Celia, and threw a party to celebrate the event. Hearing what was going on, the general manager walked in at midnight, clad in his wife's nightdress. A prayer book was produced, and he read the marriage service

over the two of them with utmost gravity. Celia entered into the spirit of the thing, and presented Bruce with three snuff-and-butter-coloured offspring within the shortest reasonable time. Later Bruce married a white Peruvian, who took over the infants quite cheerfully.

La Chorrera was the centre of ten sub-plantations, each in charge of a manager and an assistant. None of these men had less than three native concubines, and one had more than a dozen. The girls cooked, washed, sewed and ironed, but they could never be taught to darn a sock with the same-coloured wool. Black socks were darned with white wool, and white with black, because they thought it looked nicer that way. Swearing, pleading, even beating, had no effect; they just smiled with placid obstinacy and did it again. Women are like that in some other parts of the world!

When the rubber was collected, all the managers and assistants would come to La Chorrera to hand it over and to make requisitions for stores for the next three months. Then for a week or two there would be high jinks. At that time pyjamas were the normal costume all over Putumayo, the trouser-ends tucked into the socks held up by gaudy French suspenders—hardly the rig for Bond Street or Fifth Avenue, but the right thing along the Igarapara. Dressed thus, they dined at the big house, with Don Victor presiding at the head of the table, afterwards retreating to a place called the Club, where they sat up gambling all night.

But although life was pleasant enough for the officials of the company, the Indian rubber-gatherers got the dirty end of the stick. When Julio Arana began the collection of rubber the native population of the Putumayo region was estimated to be 50,000. In the few years which elapsed before the Peruvian Amazon Company came into being the Indians had dwindled to a mere 10,000, though nobody lost any sleep about that. Once or twice I suggested to different managers that soon there would be no Indians left at the rate things were going, and that they would

have to cut the rubber with their own highly manicured hands.

The answer was always the same, usually accompanied by a pointed yawn. "It is the smallpox, of course, and the ravages of fever. These aborigines have, unfortunately, no stamina. But don't worry! The woods are still full of them! There'll be enough to last our time!"

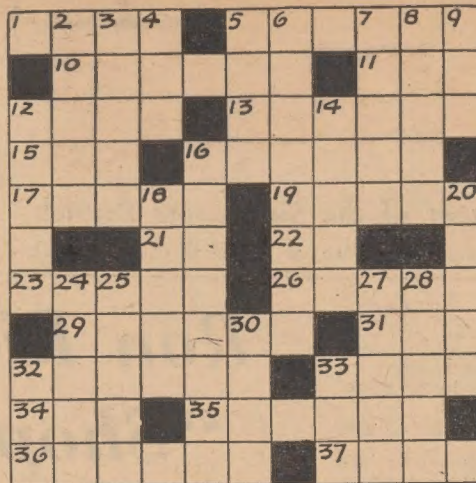
There is no doubt that disease had wiped out many thousands of Indians, but that was only half the story. The rest is a tale of senseless wholesale slaughter. Arana brought from Lima a number of young Peruvians—Alfonso, Flores, Normand, and O'Donnell, among others—and installed them as managers of the different estates. For the most part they were young dandies, greedy, vain, and vicious, but they did believe in getting results. Often enough I have seen them presiding over the weighing of the crop, a loaded revolver lying on the table at their elbow. Armed with rifles, the trusted servants, known as

muchachos de confianza, would be lounging in the background. Again and again, when a peon failed to bring in the required number of kilos, the manager would curse him coldly, lift his revolver, and shoot him stone dead.

We were sitting over our rum one evening, discussing the latest gossip, how one of the managers had murdered a cacique named Jose Maria, or Macapaxmena, and taken his wife and daughters as concubines. Opinion was generally against the manager in question, as caciques are chiefs of tribes, and killing them promotes considerable ill-feeling, which might go even as far as an ambush and a bullet in the back. All Europeans look much alike to an Indian, so there were chances of a mistake which could not be put right afterwards. In the midst of the discussion, a mozo, or servant, entered, summoning me to the presence of Don Victor.

The general manager told me I was to be transferred to the sub-plantation of

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Door post.
- 5 Bottle.
- 10 Non-experts.
- 11 Number.
- 12 Occur.
- 13 Variegated.
- 15 Murmur.
- 16 Successive.
- 17 Proverb.
- 19 Wash.
- 21 From.
- 22 Time of day.
- 23 Unit of length.
- 26 Intended to convey.
- 29 Famous Iraq river.
- 31 Affliction.
- 32 Governess.
- 33 Mend.
- 34 Poem.
- 35 Fish.
- 36 Wide of.
- 37 Space of time.

CLUES DOWN.

- 2 In normal voice.
- 3 Parent.
- 4 Cricket score.
- 5 Transfer.
- 6 Mixed letters.
- 7 Poplar.
- 8 Puts on record.
- 9 Devonshire river.
- 12 Fissure.
- 14 Chief.
- 16 Put off.
- 18 Ravine.
- 20 Had dinner.
- 24 Musical study.
- 25 Paving slabs.
- 27 Conscious.
- 28 European language.
- 30 Anglesey.
- 32 Despoil.
- 33 Moisture.

PIP SPARRED
ARISE NOEL
YACHT DOVES
TOOTH KEG
RETREAT RYE
E TENORS N
SET SKY ACT
PROW E BLUR
INTEGRAL BA
READY DOYEN
E L PROTEST

Abisinia, and introduced me to Senor Aguerro, the man in charge. At dawn we set out, wearing the usual pyjamas tucked into the tops of our socks. On the way an Indian shot a small native pig known as wongana, which was roasted and eaten on the spot. The meal was topped off with some fat white worms called mujahoy, which the peons dug out of a rotten log with the points of their machetes, or cutlasses. Those worms were good. When the men could find no more we continued the march.

It was many years since I had walked such a distance, and towards evening my feet became so swollen and painful that I could not carry on. Aguerro got the men to cut a long pole and sling a hammock to it. They hoisted the pole on to their shoulders, three men at each end, and I was carried along in state like Cleopatra, except that I was smoking a cigar. When we got within a mile of the sheringal the manager fired several shots into the air, to let his servants know he was near. Baths and food were ready for our arrival.

As at La Chorrera, the manager's house was built on stilts; but there the resemblance ended. For some reason the huge structure was in the form of a ship, complete with bow and stern. There was a guard-room amidships, with racks holding thirty Mannlicher and thirty Winchester rifles, and with 5,000 rounds of ammunition. All the employees carried revolvers. An armed guard was set at sunset, and relieved every two hours during the night.

At ten-minute intervals the guards sounded a brass ship's bell, to prove that they were alert. The Indians on the estate were in an ugly mood, and it was feared that they would rush the place in the dark. Everybody seemed rather jumpy. But I was too tired to notice much of this the night of my arrival. I just turned in and slept. Next morning I awoke feel-

ing more exhausted than ever, and found the foot of my bed drenched in blood. That scared me a bit, and I must have sung out, for Aguerro came running, with a Mauser in his hand.

He roared with laughter when I pointed to my blood-soaked blankets. "You've been bitten by a vampire bat! Look at your toe, Burky! Look at your toe! We knew this would happen when we saw you forgot to fix a mosquito-net. We even had bets on it. Oh, Santa Maria, what a joke!"

I suppose I can take a joke as well as the next man, but that seemed going a bit too far. I jumped out of bed, with the intention of giving the manager a nice, humorous smack in the mouth, staggered, and flopped back. I must have lost quarts of blood, for I was as weak as a kitten. This struck Aguerro as the funniest thing yet. He went off cackling to spread the news. As I listened to the general merriment I decided that Latin-Americans came low in the scale of civilization.

(To be continued)

Answer to Picture Quiz in
No. 297: Cotton Bale.

WANGLING WORDS—253

- 1.—Put a foreign coin in TD, and make it worried.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of TRAITOR LOVE, to make a famous opera.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: HOSE into SHOE, COOK into BEEF, WIDE into BALL, STONY into BROKE.
- 4.—How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from DEPREDATIONS?

Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 252

- 1.—LashinGS.
- 2.—THOMAS CARLYLE
- 3.—LION, LOON, COON, COOS, COGS, BOGS, BAGS, RAGS, RAGE, CAGE, BOAR, BOAS, BOGS, FOGS, FIGS, PIGS, LANCES, LANES, CANES, CARES, CORES, CORKS, YORKS.
- 4.—BOOK, BOOT, BOLT, BOLE, BALE, PALE, PAGE.
- 5.—Mast, Mist, Mice, Same, Stem, Rest, Star, Rats, Arts, Pert, Peat, Tape, Pier, Ripe, Pare, Pear, Tear, Tare, Rate, Mate, Team, Tame, Meat, Seam, Sate, Seat, Tier, Rite, Item, Mite, etc.
- 6.—Tease, Piece, Price, Raise, Terse, Aster, Steer, Rates, Stare, Paste, Tapes, Mitre, Spate, Peace, Pease, Crape, Crate, Trace, Smite, Stair, Stamp, etc.

QUIZ for today

1. A flamen is a torch, flower, priest, part of a lathe, Dutch drink?
2. Who wrote (a) On Translating Homer, (b) On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Scarlet, Vermilion, Carmine, Ruby, Cobalt, Maroon?
4. What trade did Abel follow?
5. For what delicacy is Banbury famous?
6. What legendary woman fell in love with a swan?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Incumbent, Incesant, Infrequent, Inconsistent, Irrelevant, Irritant?
8. Who was Grace Darling?
9. How did Cleopatra die?
10. What country is known as the Forbidden Land?
11. Who sold cockles and mussels in Dublin?
12. Name four artists whose names begin with H.

Answers to Wangling
in No. 297

1. Sound of a trumpet.
2. (a) Arnold Bennett, (b) Tolstoy.
3. Osborne is no longer a Royal residence; the others are.
4. Cheetah; 70 m.p.h.
5. Curling.
6. Right.
7. Oblivion, Oblivious, Obstreperous.
8. India.
9. Queen of Sheba.
10. Piano.
11. Both.
12. (a) Law, (b) Without straw.

With Our Roving Cameraman



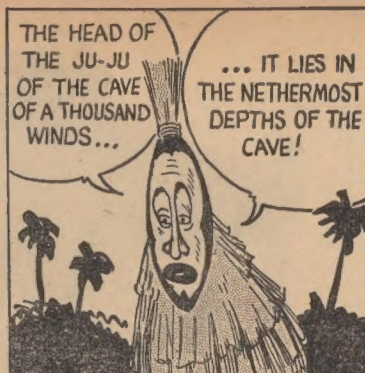
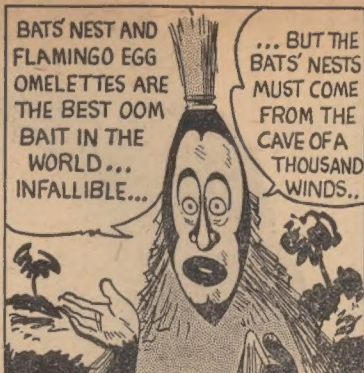
RIDE HIM, COWBOY!

But cowboy didn't, even although the rider was in this instance the world champion, Leonard Ward. Let's name the horse, too. He is Piccolo Pete, and he let Ward keep the saddle for exactly ten seconds before he delivered the toss to the dry, hard earth. It happened in Saugus, California, where Ward has a big name. But so has Piccolo Pete.

JANE



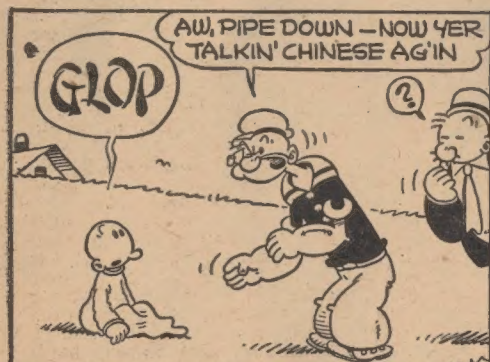
BEELZEBUB JONES



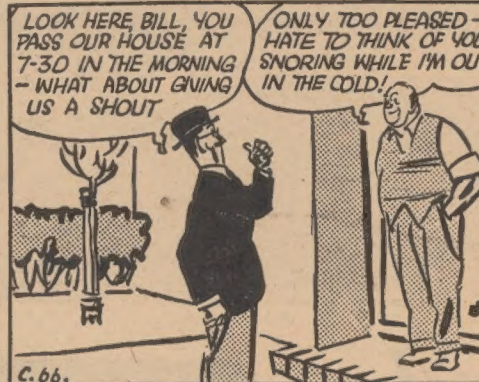
BELINDA



POPEYE



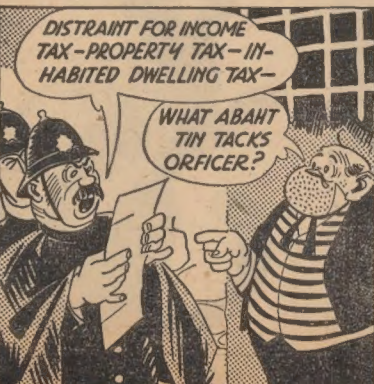
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

SO "Little Red Riding" Hood has joined the Women's Land Army.

It seems only the other day that she was being featured in the Sunday papers after her adventures with the wolf. The story, as related at the time, was, of course, full of inaccuracies. It was stated, for example, that she was taking delicacies to her sick Granny.

The truth was that Mrs. Hood, senr., who was working in a local munition factory, had no time to do her own shopping. The basket contained a selection of things that appeal to the nowadays sophisticated country appetite—a packet of dried eggs, a small tin of Spam, some dehydrated meat, and a few apple rings.

Though she was known to be temporarily hard-up—having just bought herself a couple of fur coats and a piano—she was an unpleasant surprise to her grand-daughter to find the wolf actually at the door.

Further, the wolf was not shot; it was speared. The woodman, a keen Home Guard, was going off to parade with his newly arrived pike. The fact that the head of the pike broke off in the animal's body was deleted by the censor.

AUNT FANNY.

AUNT FANNY seems to be going to pieces.

Professor Thomas Carlyle, with whom she is supposed to be studying English, prior to taking up her appointment on the staff of "Good Morning," has written me to say that she is devoting a lot of time to "welfare" work amongst American troops stationed nearby.

By the same post came a letter from Auntie herself. As it is written in Scots, I will translate part of it.

She says (in effect): "Don't you think that, often, the most important work for one is that which lies nearest to hand? I am becoming convinced that the best contribution I can make to the war effort is to 'mother' some of the lonely doughboys who are thousands of miles away from their loved ones. There are many charming soldiers here from over there."

"One I particularly want to meet is, I am told, called Al Capone, junr., and his father, so they tell me, is one of the biggest employers of labour in the States."

"They call him, in their delightfully descriptive way, Gangster No. 1. That is, I suppose, a foreman or superintendent on the largest scale. Another interest—and how this would please Compton Mackenzie—that the father has in an island named Alcatraz, where business men who have fallen by the way can go and rest for an indefinite period at no cost to themselves."

"What a charming idea! Far from the toil and strife of the busy world—on a little island with everything provided for one. Old Mr. Capone, I believe, spent some time there himself. Incidentally, I have had to sell out £200 of my Dunoon Three per Cents..."

In view of the latter statement, I may say that I am retaining four letters from Service men who write about Aunt Fanny's offer of her hand. The old buzzard PLUS dowry might be bearable, but MINUS money she would be a boil on the neck.

Referring to her three-year contract with us, she remarks that "it is just too bad for the suckers" who signed her up. By the way, in a postscript, she remarks vaguely, "I think poker much more interesting than whist."

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A LETTER just to hand from John Barleycorn, whom we sent to tour the country and find out for Service men overseas what people are thinking about in the fifth year of war, complains bitterly of my recent suggestion that he was confusing thinking with drinking.

He says: "It should be evident to the meanest intelligence that it is only when people are drinking—and I mean man's drinking—that one finds out what they are thinking."

"Have you never heard of 'In vino veritas'?" I consider that the report of my tour will rank with the Domesday Book and Gulliver's Travels.

"Please express me another £50 a/c exes., and don't try and crab my job. It takes a lot of planning to find places where I can drink for the fourteen hours a day I am devoting to work."

Barleycorn, who was last heard of in three Peterborough hotels, now seems to be completely off his planned route. For some reason or other he has branched off south-east to the "Jolly Sailors" at Heybridge Basin, on the River Blackwater.

FOOTNOTE.

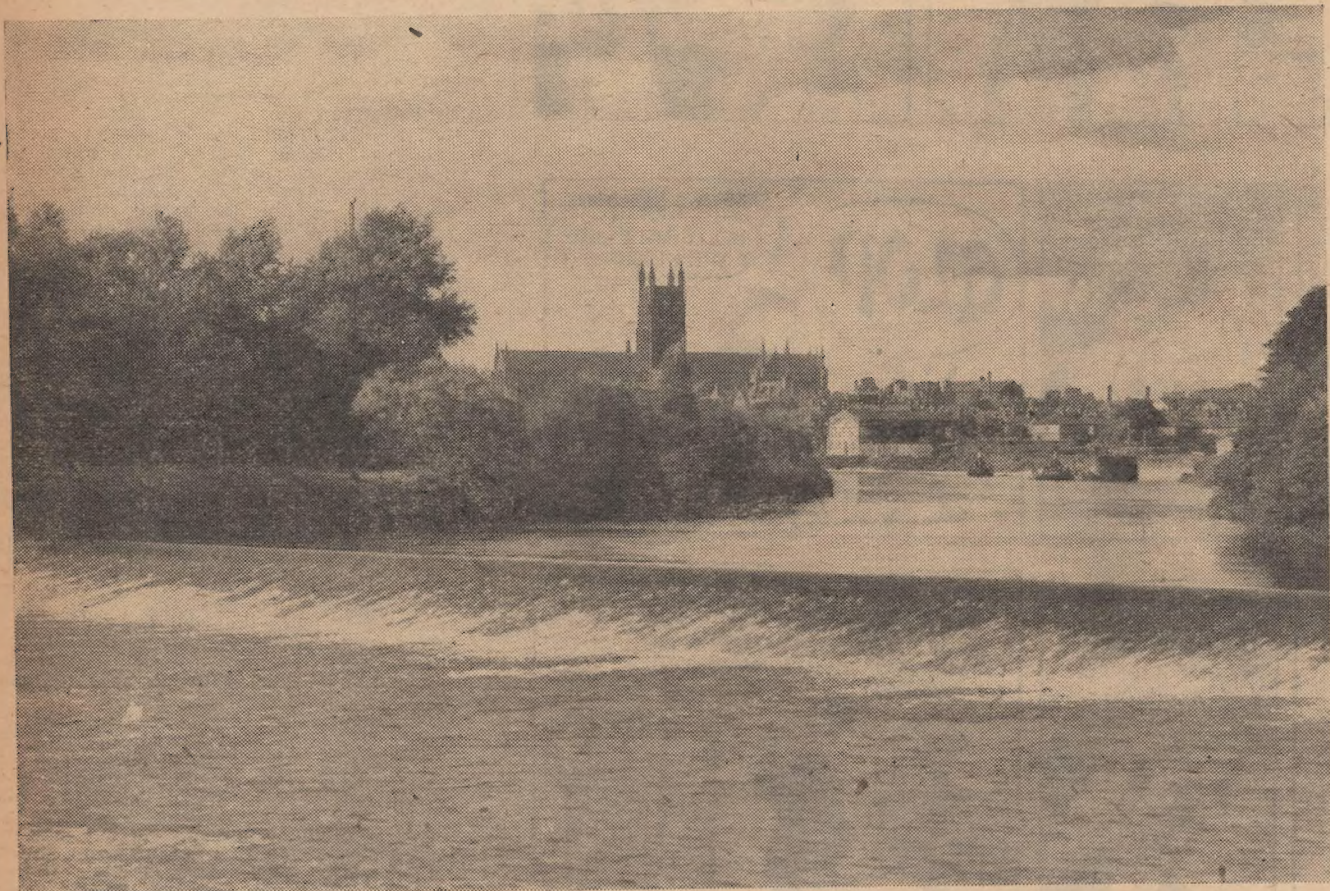
WHO should I see last night at the "Scalded Cat," dancing with Douglas Byng, but Flora Macdonald?

Send your Stories,
Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

Good
Morning



"Now please keep very still, and stop moving that paw. Dear, dear. Why did I ever choose such a subject for my test picture for the Royal Photographic Society?"



This England

Worcester Cathedral, as seen from Diglis Weir, Worcestershire.



"How can a guy go on the scrounge with that big baboon hanging around all the time?"



HIS FIRST CLIMBING LESSON



A WINKING STARLET

Toni Greene, who is appearing with such success in the Jack Buchanan show, "It's Time to Dance," at the Lyric.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"On the 'up-and-up,' huh?"

